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Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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THEIR ONLY HOPE—THE GREAT "PATIENCE" CANDIDATE.

Twenty love-sick maidens we,
Love-sick all against our will.

Two years hence we may not be
Quite such love-sick maidens still.

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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 and on file at the *Herald* Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera. In Ger-
 many, at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

Everybody knows that

PUCK'S ANNUAL

is the most remarkable book of the year; but
 everybody does not know that

PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1882

is now in its third edition, and, in a day or two,
 will probably be in its fourth. Think of it, reso-
 lute man, and, if they are without it, go forth-
 with and buy a copy for your wife and family.

FICTION.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

Published Every Monday.

No. 25 contains an extremely well varied and inter-
 esting selection of stories: "His Inheritance," a quaint
 tale of Louisiana life, exhibiting one remarkable charac-
 ter sketch; "A Fair Impostor," a romantic love tale
 with a spice of mystery; "Her Heart's Blood," the nar-
 rative of a thrilling adventure in the mines of Arizona;
 "Faith" is reaching its most exciting incidents, and is
 full of delicate and subtle observations of life; "The
 Prophet's Wife" is an amusing story; and so is "Asking
 Papa," which describes the unsuccessful but clever ruse
 of a father who did not wish to lose his daughter; "Phin-
 eas Gummy's Passion" is a tale of stage-life. The price
 of FICTION is 10 cents a number; \$4 a year.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

OUR venerable friend, Mr. Samuel Jones
 Tilden, is beginning to take the place so
 long filled by our still more venerable
 friend, Mr. Horatio Seymour, as the patriarchal
 stay and staff of Democratic ambition. While
 the Republican party suffers from a plague of
 superfluous presidential candidates, the hapless
 Democrats are fain, when the time for laying
 out a campaign draws near, to fix in despair
 upon the only man in their ranks upon whom
 extreme old age has cast a mantle of respect-
 ability. Mr. Seymour had the respectability by
 nature, and with the added qualification of
 age, he was quite the ideal candidate of the
 Democracy. Mr. Tilden is not so well off, but
 even in his case, senectitude—not to say senil-
 ity—has softened the glare of notoriety into
 something like the more pleasant lustre of fame.
 The Democracy of all the States turns its eyes
 to him, and hails him as the most hopeful can-
 didate for 1884—always granted that '84 does
 not find the Sage of Greystone twanging an
 oriole harp above the clouds.

There is a certain similarity between Mr.
 Tilden's position and that of Mr. Reginald
 Bunthorne in Gilbert's latest opera. The Dem-
 ocratic element in full twenty States looks to
 him with such languishing glances as the
 "twenty love-sick maidens" bestow on the
 bard of "Patience." Like that bard, too, he
 scorns their far from unwelcome advances,
 wrapped up in profound self-contemplation and
 lofty dreams of higher things. Like Bunthorne,
 he is mystic, mysterious, deep as oblivion's

flood and slyer than Joey Bagstock; being by
 no means "so bilious as he looks." Like Bun-
 thorne, furthermore, he has one who has sworn
 never to forsake him—the editor of our most
 esteemed contemporary, the *Sun*, being Mr.
 Tilden's *Lady Jane*. Let us trust that the re-
 semblance between the two cases goes no fur-
 ther. It will be remembered that Mr. Bunthorne
 was, as our expressive slang puts it, "left." May
 there be no unhappy omen in the varia-
 tion on the song of the "love-sick maidens"
 which is to be seen at the foot of our cartoon:

"Twenty love-sick maidens we,
 Love-sick all against our will;
 Four years hence we may not be
 Quite such love-sick maidens still."

When Mr. Bunnell closes his cat-show, we
 wish he would organize an exhibition of mules,
 and transfer the entire legislature of the State
 of New York to his museum on Broadway.
 Thanks to the stable of legislators at Albany,
 we are beginning to taste the delights of all the
 new and newly-tinkered "codes" which Mr.
 David Dudley Field and his friends see fit to
 force upon us. According to the newest "code,"
 which now goes into operation, damage to prop-
 erty, whether done with malicious intent or not,
 is punishable with imprisonment. If a man buys
 land, cuts down a single tree thereon, and after-
 ward loses the property by reason of a flaw in
 the title, he may be sent to prison by the real
 owner. If Brown breaks a window in Jones's
 house, he ranks with the professional criminal
 who steals Jones's watch. This is charming;
 but we understand that the next "code" which
 Mr. David Dudley Field has arranged on the
 model of the *Code Napoleon*, is a still greater
 marvel in its way. In the end, the people of
 New York State will have to do one of two
 things—either set up a statue to Mr. David
 Dudley Field as a little American-Napoleon-for-
 one-cent, or get up a subscription, buy up the
 entire Field family, and ship it to some desert
 island in some untraveled sea.

Mr. R. J. Burdette lectured on Friday even-
 ing last in the hall of the Young Men's Chris-
 tian Association. It was an admirable lecture,
 admirably delivered, by the most delicate and
 versatile humorist in the country; but many of
 Mr. Burdette's friends who had paid for their
 tickets did not hear it. When they arrived at
 the place they were told that they could have
 their money back; but they could not go in.
 The hall was filled with the mob of \$5 a year
 young Christians, who it appears have rights
 denied to the purchasers of tickets; and the
 doors were closed at 7:30. Of course this was
 a miserable little imposition on the public.
 People did not seek the gloomy hall of Associ-
 ation on a cold winter's night to get their money
 back; but to hear Mr. Burdette. They were
 not notified beforehand of this arrangement,
 as in common decency they should have been.
 The "Christianity" of the Y. M. C. A. is ap-
 parently superior to the obligations of ordinary
 courtesy and honor.

As a nation, our opinion of ourselves is a
 fairly good one; and, although we do not suffer
 from modesty, still we have learnt to keep our-
 selves within bounds. We do not talk as much
 as we did, nor make quite so many boasts about
 our ability to "whip creation." We are ac-
 quiring more sense; we have reached our man-
 hood, and our spread-eagleism and "freshness"
 have been toned down. As a rule, when we
 have anything to say to the world we say it, and
 it is generally to the purpose. Mr. Blaine, it is
 true, may start a little fire-eating foreign cor-
 respondence of his own, in his efforts to build up
 popularity for a presidential nomination; but he
 was not long enough in office to do much mis-
 chief.

We want peace, and, as things look now, we
 are likely to get it, and, indeed, more peace
 than is good for us. Peace is a capital thing;
 it is far preferable to war, and if we yearned
 for war, it would be difficult to select a nation
 with which to pick a quarrel. But there
 are other reasons why we should not fight
 besides the cogent one of having nobody to
 fight with. We are destitute of an army and
 navy to attend to the killing and blowing-up
 department, and twenty years ago we had a
 fight which ought, at least, to last us until the
 remainder of the century.

But it does not follow that, because there is
 nothing, for the time being, on which we can
 expend with facility powder and shot, we
 are to neglect our duties as a nation, and our
 best friends cannot say that we are either say-
 ing or doing that which might be expected of
 us. The brutal Government of Russia, in the
 person of its semi-barbarian Alexander, is at
 present engaged in persecuting, torturing and
 committing the most horrible outrages on its
 Jewish subjects. The Government perhaps does
 not take the initiative itself; but it encourages
 the cruelty, and yet the United States says
 nothing, or at least very little, in the way of
 protest. Of course there is no especial reason
 why we should set ourselves up as the special
 champion of the oppressed, and especially as
 the protectors of an Oriental and tribal relig-
 ion which is neither better nor worse than a
 hundred other rules of faith; but as a civilized
 nation, and in the name of humanity, there is
 every reason why we should not allow such
 brutal outrages to be perpetrated without letting
 Russia know what we think of her.

Then there is Germany. In that unhappy
 country there is not too much freedom; in fact,
 Messrs. Bismarck and Wilhelm amuse them-
 selves from time to time by dancing over and
 on the prostrate form of Liberty. But we, in our
 desire to interfere with business that concerns
 us only, say nothing except the most pleasant
 things imaginable. We have congratulations for
 everybody. We give what is vulgarly called
 "taffy" to China, because it is China; to France,
 because it is France, and to England, because
 it is England. For is it not a good and pleasant
 thing for brethren to dwell together in unity?

Wake up, Mr. President Arthur, for there is
 plenty of good stuff and latent energy in you.
 Wake up, Mr. Secretary Frelinghuysen. Wake
 up, you other members of the Cabinet, there is
 a great deal of work for you to do. We do
 want a navy, Mr. Hunt, without any Robeson
 in it. Mr. Attorney-General Brewster, have
 you forgotten all about your Star Routers? We
 are in want of all manner of things, gentle-
 men. Free ships, Tariff Reform, and a decent
 Civil Service. Don't sleep any longer!

"Sullivan got one in on Ryan's 'tater-trap,
 Ryan responding by fibbing with his left and
 drawing the claret." This is a specimen of
 the sporting language that the public has been
 treated to in some papers during the past week
 in the account of the brutal and disgusting ex-
 hibition which recently took place in the chival-
 rous South. Northern men, it is true, got up
 the contest, and they were well aided, abetted
 and seconded by Southerners. This is a mark
 of advance in Southern civilization, and a de-
 cided relief from the usual settlement of all
 such matters by the arbitrament of the pistol.
 The law throughout the country makes prize-
 fighting illegal; but the authorities forgot the
 law, and, as report shows, did all they could to
 help the pugilists hammer themselves out of
 shape. Law is a grand thing; but somehow
 it always seems grander when it is not carried
 out.

WILDE AND SULLIVAN.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

The Two Aesthetes Meet Near Concord.

CHEERS FOR "OSCAR" AND "JOHNNY."

Twelve Rounds Fought—A Draw.

PUCK'S SPECIAL REPORT.

All for 10 Cents.

The great contest between Oscar Wilde, of Dublin, and John L. Sullivan, of Boston, for twenty-five cents a side and the champion æsthetics of America, took place yesterday morning on the grounds of Bronson Alcott's School of Philosophy, at Concord. It resulted in a drawn battle, much to the disappointment of the respective friends of the aesthetes, who had wagered large sums on the fight.

The betting was two to one on Wilde; but the hard hitting and quick return exhibited by Sullivan in the first round sent matters down to even money.

The venerable Peter Cooper, the well-known master of the ceremonies at all pugilistic contests in New York, was the backer of Wilde, Whitelaw Reid and George William Curtis, who trained him, his seconds, and William M. Evarts his umpire.

Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, was the backer of Sullivan; H. W. Longfellow and R. W. Emerson his seconds; and Neil Dow, the temperance heavy-weight champion, his umpire. Ex-President R. B. Hayes, of Fremont, Ohio, was stakeholder.

There was a report that this gentleman had invested the amount placed in his hands and pocketed the interest; but, on investigation, it proved to be unfounded, the stakes being still intact, to be paid over to the winner with the sanction of Referee Alcott, in the event of there being a renewal of the fight.

A special train left New York for the "convincing ground." The company on board consisted chiefly of the Chickering Hall Amateur Nobility "Patience" Company, and their lady-and-gentlemen-frens, who comprised their extensive Sassiety audience.

The ring was pitched in a remote corner of the grounds, to avoid police interference, and the stakes and ropes were decorated with garlands of sunflowers and lilies.

At 10:40 old Wad Longfellow entered the ring, clad in longshoreman's costume and a skull-cap. His appearance was the signal for loud and prolonged cheering. Soon after this, Sullivan shied his castor into the ring and jumped nimbly over the ropes, seating himself on Emerson's knee, a confident smile playing o'er his features. When Wilde appeared, there were vociferous exclamations of joy. He was in regular Elizabethan fighting-costume. Sullivan won the toss for corners. All the preliminaries being settled, the principals and their seconds met in the centre of the ring; and Bronson Alcott, putting on his gold-rimmed spectacles, called "Time."

THE FIGHT.

ROUND FIRST—Both men displayed great caution until Wilde delicately planted both lilies on Sullivan's frontal development, notwithstanding the Boston man's endeavor to parry the blows with peacock-feathers. Sullivan went back to his corner.

First tickle for Wilde. Time, ten seconds.

ROUND SECOND—Sullivan lost no time in getting to work. Reaching the centre of the ring, he let both peacock-feathers go together, catching Wilde on the jaw, making him look all but. The Irishman returned the compliment by countering heavily on the ribs. A lively rally

took place, both going down, side by side. Time, forty seconds.

Wad Longfellow carried his man to his corner, administered a spoonful of baked beans, and read him a sonnet entitled "Cara Mia Belladonna," which seemed to give him fresh courage.

ROUND THIRD—Both came up yearning, and there was a pretty display of science. Wilde got one lily in on his opponent's ear, causing Sullivan to laugh hysterically and driving him to the ropes; groans from gentlemanly Harvard students. Time, thirty seconds.

ROUND FOURTH—Both men appeared too utterly groggy. Sullivan handled his peacock-feathers with dogged determination; but, after nearly two minutes of feeble fibbing, only succeeded in getting Wilde on his knees by a very ineffective right-hander on the Irish æsthete's tater-trap. Oscar responded by springing up and reading the Bostonian an ode called "Et Faro Tuscaloosa Est," and dropping a lily petal on Sullivan's great toe. There was a cry of "Foul!" whereupon Wad Longfellow, followed by the Boston poets, cranks and philosophers, attempted to break into the ring; but were prevented by the utterful and peaceful offices of the venerable Peter Cooper.

ROUND FIFTH TO ELEVENTH—These rounds were well-contested, blow for blow being given and taken with great gusto, Sullivan going for the head, and the Dublin æsthete putting in his lilies for all he was worth at the body. The eleventh round terminated by Sullivan being thrown.

ROUND TWELFTH—In this round, Sullivan slung around his peacock-feathers so lively that Wilde seemed disconsolate, and looked as though he would rather be at a chromo-literary reception. Peter Cooper, seeing how the contest was going, broke into the ring, and a free fight took place, Reid letting out for Alcott, and Whittier becalming Peter Cooper with a terrific left-hander, and Evarts going down before the sledge-hammer blows of Longfellow, who proved to be very anapestic with his knuckles. After ten minutes of this the crowd dispersed, and returned to the city by canal-boats.

FATHER GANDER'S MELODIES.

Puck's Special Edition for Children of a Larger Growth.

VI.



There is a man in our town

Whose name is Peter Cooper;

He jumped into a Greenback bush,

As brave as any trooper.

And when he found Greenbackers scarce,

And rallied from his stupor,

He jumped right out again and cried:

"Here am I, Peter Cooper!"

Puckings.

A NEW WAY to play "Odette," at Daly's Theatre, is by Sardou, not Massinger. Massinger is dead.

THERE IS a man out West who is such a hard drinker that, when he takes a shower-bath, he unconsciously raises an umbrella over his head.

AS A FIGHTING-EDITOR, a long life of usefulness is open to Mr. Sullivan.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

He would make a much better ring politician.

THE SOLITAIRE STUD young man, who thinks that fashion is now becoming too general, is going to wear a diamond ring in his proboscis at the next dancing-class ball.

A MAN in Phillipsport, N. Y., shot himself dead because *she* wouldn't marry him. He was exceedingly preliminary, but showed his wisdom by taking time by the forelock.

THE students of Rochester University do not pretend to be as aristocratic as those of Harvard, but, judging by the reports of his lecture, Mr. Oscar Wilde does not appreciate the difference.

THE MAN does not reek with happiness at this time of year who, in navigating a sea of slush, finds, when he has reached the opposite sidewalk, that one of his overshoes, which always fitted him too generously, has met the fate of the "Jeannette."

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA has not yet been crowned, and yet the ceremony can come off at a moment's notice if he will only give the Nihilists a chance. There is a golden crown, and a harp thrown in, waiting for him somewhere in the neighborhood of the empyrean.

THE Anti-Bobtail Car Association of Brooklyn is, we hope, the forerunner of the Anti-Stage Association of New York. We are not opposed to theatrical performances, but we are heartily wearied of acting as conductors, without emolument, for the bloated and unappreciative omnibus proprietors.

HOW DELIGHTED the people of Great Britain must be to learn from Mrs. Victoria that Master Prince Leopold is going to marry Miss Helena Waldeck! But their joy will know no bounds when they are asked to pay the intellectual, illustrious and self-sacrificing couple about a hundred thousand dollars a year to keep them from starving.

RYAN SAYS that he intends to give up pugilism, as he did not think he was suited by nature for that kind of business. Few people discover their mission until it is too late. Perhaps when Anna Dickinson attains her twenty-first year she will find out that her forte is not *Hamlet*. They are really too slender.

A POET WRITES from Indiana to say that, after a heavy storm out there, he broke his back shoveling through a ten-foot snow-bank. Thus the universally condemned snow has proved itself to possess a salient virtue, as well as to make us happy in knowing that there is something that can effectually settle a poet.

I KNOW it is very dangerous, indeed, to run trains on the Elevated roads without the absolutely necessary block system; but what is an unfortunate general manager to do? If I advocate safety for passengers, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, the Prince of Snobs, will discharge me at once; and, military hero as I am, I can't afford to lose my position. Please have pity on me.—*Col. H. K. Fain.*

THEN AND NOW.—1862 AND 1882.



"OH, NOW YOU WEEP, AND I PERCEIVE YOU FEEL THE DINT OF PITY. THESE ARE GRACIOUS DROPS."

ICY ILLS

Our E. Contemporary the *World* has recently taken up the cudgels in behalf of two learned gentlemen who have arrived at the conclusion that there is more or less disease in ice. We are very glad to see our E. C. taking this stand, as the views it entertains are precisely the same as ours. We have been firm believers in the theory that disease may be transmitted through food and drink cooled with ice, since an old friend indulged in a cocktail which contained ice frozen at Hunter's Point. As all intelligent people know, Hunter's Point is not entirely destitute of live pork, and this live pork occasionally goes swimming for its health. The man in question, shortly after taking the cocktail, died of trichinae. This proves that all ice cut in Hunter's Point should be condemned, as well as that which comes from Gowanus, where a young lady recently captured a handsome sample of hypochondria from a post-theatric plate of cream whose ice was afterward ascertained to have been cut from a stream running by a blueing factory.

Not more than two weeks ago, while a man was on his way to business in the morning, the ice on the sidewalk threw him about four feet in the air, and when he came down and lashed the ice with the top of his head, he appropriated about as picturesque a case of measles as has ever been our rare fortune to see in this part of the country. Another man got painter's colic from skating on a pond beside a dye-works, and he afterward exhorted humanity to skate on stilts, and keep as far as possible from impure ice.

Now, in the face of these grave facts, can any intelligent man reasonably believe that ice does not contain germs of disease? If such a man exists, why, let him exist, that's all. We don't want to meet him, or put up any shekels either for his amusement or refreshment. We believe such a man would worship cast-iron idols, and place his trust in political candidates. Another proof of the soundness of the theory advanced by the *World* and ourselves is the story which

has come to us from the mouth of a private sanitary detective.

He states that, from certain data in his possession, he firmly believes there is a dual arrangement between the ice-men and the medical fraternity by which they may both achieve great pecuniary triumphs next summer. As all moderately informed people well know, a summerful winter produces a feverful summer, and when people are gathered into the golden following next July, their sorrowing friends will imagine them the victims of some new-fangled æsthetic summer malady. They will not attribute their sudden taking-off to the diabolic scheme of the ice-men and the doctors; but such will probably be the case.

It is the belief of the detective that the ice-men are to receive commissions from the doctors; that the former are to sell nothing but diseased ice, and they are to give good weight as a conscientious antidote. At the present time the doctors are off at the various lakes in-oculating the ice, and mak-

ing careful preparations for a golden harvest. PUCK states these facts for what they are worth, and warns the public to be on its guard and use no ice at all, and, when the ice-man calls, to meet him like a common enemy, but pretend great friendship, until he can be led out to the yard and formally introduced to a great muscular, hungry bulldog, with four rows of saw-teeth and lots of ambition and activity.

THERE IS much excitement among our local aldermen as to whether poultry shall be dressed or undressed. We do not know if the city ordinances on this subject will apply to burlesque actresses.

A BUSINESS LETTER.

AUDENRIED, PA.,
February 6th, 1882.

Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann—Gentlemen:

Having dwelt within the dismal and cheerless arena of sadness and melancholy during the past six years, and finding that the internal application of Hop Bitters, Soothing Syrups, Croup Tinctures and other infant remedies haven't the slightest tendency to dispel the unfathomable shades of gloom which unrelentingly hover around me and continually promote, in inexpressible hideousness, a sense of profound mental depression, I have, as a final resort, firmly secured myself to the remedial resolution of procuring a copy of PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882, as a remuneration for which you will please find inclosed stamps representing in value twenty-five cents.

During the past six months I have mentally digested, and have been a devoted admirer of the truths expounded in PUCK, having also allowed myself to become so unboundedly impressed with the undeniable import of the various cartoons so vividly portraying current political occurrences as to harbor the extraordinary inducement of securing a copy of the ANNUAL, thereby endeavoring to introduce on the hitherto tranquil surface of my physiognomy the much desired facial distortion in which lingers an extension of blissful existence, an elongation of the idiosyncrasies of life and an unobstructed view of the silver-lined dawning of immortality.

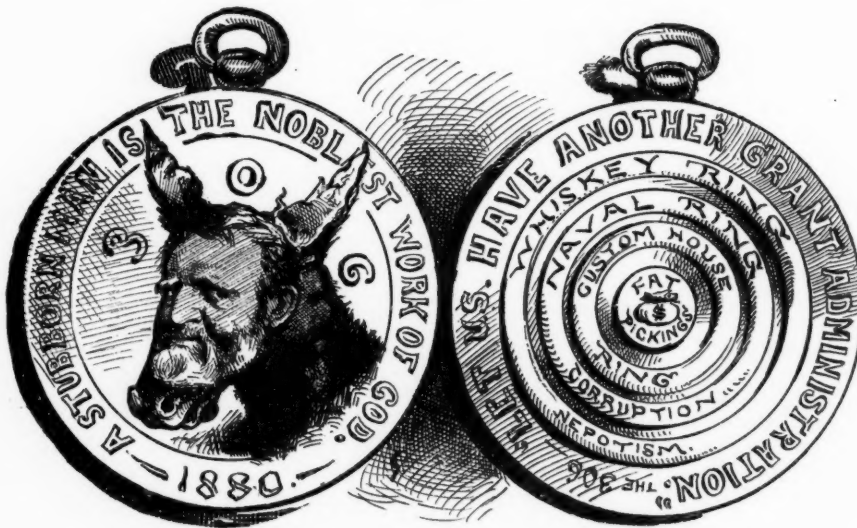
Hoping you will be impressed with the serious importance of an expeditious attention to my order,

I am respectfully yours,

WM. A. BAYLEY.

THE VERDICT of the coroner's jury in the Spuyten Duyvil disaster was exceedingly comprehensive; but it did not cover the slaughter in that big accident that is soon to take place on the "L" roads. It would save so much trouble if a coroner could hold an inquest before the smash-up comes off, and censure director, manager and superintendent; and if the jury found prematurely a verdict of manslaughter we should feel ever so much happier. And yet there need be none of these things with the block system.

THE STALWART MEDAL—



PUCK'S IDEA OF THE DESIGN.

PUCK'S UNOBTUSIVE LITTLE BUNCH OF VALENTINES.

PUCK.

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I.

To A TICKET-SPECULATOR.

Oh, gentle spirit of welcoming grace,
That hauntest the theatre door,
And seltest to me a dollar place
For a couple of dollars more!
All hail! e'en though I should scarcely need
The best seat in "division 3,"
At the modest price of a quit-claim deed
To the land I hold in fee.
All hail! yet I think you were better fit
In the hotter hunting-grounds,
To sell front seats in the blazing pit,
Where the free-list knows no bounds.

II.

To TWO PUGILISTS.

Peg away with main and might,
Breaking ribs and noses;
Let no Governor stop the fight—
Ring in telling blowses.
Only dream of gory fights,
Never think of grammar;
Train the brightest fistic lights
Out of shape to hammer.

Then mankind with rapture true,
All its spleen will smother,
Hoping in the future you
May kill one another.

III.

To A SLEIGHER.

If the red sleigher wants to sleigh,
He has to wait for salary-day.
Oh, gentle youth, who fain would sleigh,
Select your maiden blithe and gay.
And when you get her in the sleigh,
Urge wildly on your gallant bay.
And when you've had your little sleigh,
And find the livery-man to pay,
Go hock your ulster, long and gray,
At Simpson's on the Bowery way,
And give that livery-man a slay.

IV.

To A SMALL BOY.

That's right, small boy, fire ahead;
With the ball of snow,
Lay the unsuspecting ped
Low.

Throw them at him fast and thick,
Soak him in the fall:
Quickly dodge behind the brick
Wall.

If you raise his auburn wig,
For existence scoot,
So you may escape his big
Boot.

V.

To OSCAR WILDE.

We love thee, Oscar, the great Æstnete—
A cut-away coat and a stand-up collar!
Thy poetry has too many feet,
But thou art utterly too-too sweet:
A shave and a cut are half-a-dollar!

We would not offer a hint to thee—
A cut-away coat and a stand-up collar!
But hie thee quick to the Boweree,
And get thee "pants" for dollars three:
A shave and a cut are half-a-dollar.

VI.

To OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Puck comes out on Wednesday,
With its pictures bright and gay.
All who Puck each week would see,
Should send in a golden V.

Letters, as may be inferred,
Come most safely registered.

If you'd laugh and have good luck,
Send your fiver on for Puck.



VII.

To A BUILDER.

You builded better than you knew;
You had forgot the extra flue;
And when the elevator-shaft
Caught fire, you only lightly laughed,
And gently scoffed at nervous folk,
Who held a human roast no joke,
That was the way—now was it not?
The Potter Building went to pot.

JOKES.

Dedicated, with Kindred Regards, to the "Hoyle City Derringer."

What Constitutes a Joke?—*Old Poet.*

What are New York jokes made of, made of,
What are New York jokes made of?
Goulds, Sages, Fields, and stock-jobbing steals,
And that's what New York jokes are made of, made of.

What are Boston jokes made of, made of,
What are Boston jokes made of?
Culture and greens, and brown bread and beans,
And that's what Boston jokes are made of, made of.

What are Western jokes made of, made of,
What are Western jokes made of?
Mules, jacks and goats, purps and cayotes;
Injuns, and mokes, and uncommon folks;
Blokks and miffs, and played-outs and stiffs;
Cusses and flats, and pisen and cats;
Rum-mills and slings, and secular things;
Rot-gut and spice, and everything nice,
And that's what Western jokes are made of, made of.

ORIENTAL JUGGLERY.

There is known to the world a set of innocent little narratives which amble around the newspaper course with almost calculable regularity, year after year, for an age or two, and then slowly subside through the indiscriminative weekly into the uncritical monthly, and so on and on to a well-deserved oblivion. Yet, ever and anon, some ghoul of the press resurrects one of the cold corpses of literature, and starts it on a ghostly march among the living.

Among these still-present reminders of the past is that ancient and over-familiar yarn of the East Indian juggler, whose name alone is an inscrutable trick of pronunciation, who performed outrageously contradictory miracles in presence of an English colonel. This fortuitously present witness and narrator was originally introduced in historical fiction as a "French officer;" but, as some little assumption of a possible foundation for the story was deemed desirable, he of flippant France was displaced in favor of perfidious Albion. As innumerable repetitions of the fiction may be found in the old files of any accessible serial, it need not be here reproduced, which would serve only as a contrast to the plain, simple, self-evident facts that are to be related.

The truth of every word that follows could be substantiated by many who are unacquainted with the writer, not to mention Eli Perkins, who was not present at the time.

When I was in the Punjaub for my health, I took a stroll of some two thousand leagues to the N. W. by N. on my sledge. Leaving Siberia on the south and doubling the Peak of Peru, I struck bias through Malibar, and skirted Coney Island till reaching Gibraltar-on-Sierra Leone, when a few versts to starboard brought me to the frigid and tropical plains of the æsthetic Jubadizzies. The Guf-haw-haw, or King, of that interesting people, although profoundly and proudly ignorant of English, perused with affable ease the letter of recommendation which I handed him from John Kelly.

After dining with His Majesty from a savory dish that I had no reason to suspect contained missionary till he ladled up a hymn-book, he graciously sent for his principal palmer or holy magician, who immediately began to magish. Of course he indulged in none of the absurd impossibilities recorded by the English colonel.

The gentlemanly performer was a person of reputation. Three scalps which dangled from his own, attached to his pigtail, evidenced his prowess in war and his respectability in peace. This eminent citizen, scorning anything like deception, at once began the entertainment. Taking a ring from his little finger, he suspended it from the ceiling and jumped through it, forward and backward. Politely borrowing three wooden toothpicks from me, he planted them in the ground at his feet. Gradually they grew into telegraph-poles, multiplied, spread and extended out of sight, completely wired. Attaching a patent ticker, he begged me to communicate with any friend in New York. I did so, and received a reply from PUCK:

"PUCK's reputation for unwavering veracity must be religiously cherished by his foreign correspondents."

I loaned him a trade-dollar. Turning his back, I distinctly heard it jingle—a jingle I was familiar with and could swear to, but won't. In a moment he returned it, not only with the date actually changed, but with a hole in it like an annular eclipse. After recovering from the fatigue of the last performance, he suddenly exclaimed, in pure Boshgosh: "Sacregobraghospensesame!" and began to expand. He broadened and heightened till he was as big as J. K. feels at a Democratic convention. His head reached the dome of the palace, and carried the building up with it. We ascended till the earth appeared as insignificant as good Christians say it really is.

Then he collapsed to his normal size, and, declining to take a rest, continued dwindling till he was entirely hid in his boots. From a small vial he poured a stream of water that ran through the fields till it meandered out of sight. I caught a mess of trout in that stream, one of which weighed exactly several pounds and some ounces.

Whistling a low Boshgosh air in the mouth of the vial, a huge elephant stalked out; the animal continued its occupation of hemstitching a cambric handkerchief. Opening the elephant's trunk, the Fakir faked out a canary-bird, a set of parlor furniture, a boy's kite, a pint of warm peanuts and a rattlesnake. Standing the snake on end, like a cane, he balanced the elephant by his left ear on the point of the serpent's tail, the beast's heels in the air, where he left him to enjoy himself.

The next trick was evidently the great magician's favorite. From his snuff-box there rolled out two healthy youngsters, a pickaninny and a white child, of some five summers each. Now he seemed in a frenzy; his eyes gleamed, his nostrils dilated, his chest expanded, his everything else everything elsed! A fierce fury possessed him.

Drawing a flashing scimitar from his trousers-leg, he whipped off the heads of the two children. This little act appeared to afford him a gentle comfort, and he pleasantly performed some neat tricks in jugglery with the pair of heads.

With a sudden motion he clapped the caputs back upon the shoulders whence they had been removed; but, unfortunately, mismatched them. The black boy with a white head and the white boy with a black head ran off, laughing and kicking up their heels in evident scorn at my expression of amazement. They were too accustomed to miscegenation to evince any surprise.

At this point, I suggested to the artist that he would better come to New York on a sort of Wilde venture, to show up the æsthetics of legerdemaining. As miracles appeared to be a specialty with him, would he not cross the wave with me, and attempt to do something for the Democratic party?

The Fakir uttered a howl of impotent anguish and vanished!

JOHN ALBRO.

PUCK'S GALLERY OF CELEBRITIES.



THE KING OF A-SHANTEE.

AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—"Esmeralda," as usual, for the 4-11-44th time.

Next Monday evening, at BOOTH'S THEATRE, Gerster will commence two weeks of Italian opera.

At the STANDARD THEATRE the nine hundred and ninety-ninth performance of the veritable and original "Patience" will take place in course of time.

The run of the "Money Spinner" draws to a close at WALLACK'S. Great preparations are being made for "Youth," a drama written by Augustus Harris and Paul Merritt.

"Manola; or, Blonde and Brunette" has found its way over to Brooklyn, at HAVERLY'S THEATRE, and the Comley-Barton Company are bestowing all their talent on its production.

Of Messrs. Birch and Backus's SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS we have but to say that it is the bounden duty of everybody to see "Patients" to fully appreciate Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan.

"Manola," with its brightness, brilliancy and dancing, having emigrated to Brooklyn, the stage at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE is now occupied with Mr. Lawrence Barrett in a grand production of "Pendragon."

HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE has the "Patience" craze. Emma Howson is the bucolic heroine, and there is a chorus of a hundred. "Patience" promises to occupy the position that "Pinafore" did. We anxiously await developments.

"The Colonel," at the PARK THEATRE, is affording amusement to thousands of people, who see only its excellences and are oblivious to its defects. Mr. Lester Wallack contributes largely to this result by the unctuous manner in which he says, "Why, cert'nly."

The patrons of NIBLO'S GARDEN are being well served with all the dainty dramatic dishes of the century, interpreted by James O'Neil, Julian Magnus, Maud Granger and Netta Guion. "The Danicheffs" has been succeeded by "A Celebrated Case," in which Miss Guion plays *Adrienne*.

Adelina Patti, who has been Puckographed by PUCK as the immortal prima-donna, is to appear in Italian opera at OLD WALLACK'S, better known as the GERMANIA THEATRE, February 23rd, two evenings a week. The company to support her will not be very strong; but the prices will make up for it. "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Lucia," "Il Trovatore" and "la Traviata" will be given.

The Boston Ideals, although they are not quite as idealistic as we should like them to be, have nevertheless been doing good and exceedingly varied work at BOOTH'S THEATRE. They lack liveliness in their acting, though little fault is to be found with the musical branch of their efforts. Last week's programme is being repeated this week, with the addition of the "Bohemian Girl."

"Odette" is the second success of Mr. Daly's season, at DALY'S THEATRE. Not that the company is precisely fitted to interpret Sardou, but the parts are filled with intelligence, and, in some instances, with skill. The love of a mother for her child is always interesting; but when this love is intensified by the guilt of the mother, and her consequent separation from her offspring, the conditions are favorable for evoking tearful emotion. Miss Rehan, as the heroine, scarcely succeeded in putting the necessary sincerity and agony in the part. For her it is entirely a new line, and she is quite clever enough to adapt herself to it in time. Mr. Lewis, as *Bechamel*, has an excellent low-comedy impersonation of a high-comedy character. Mr. Pitt apparently tried very hard to be emotional, and succeeded in being gymnastic. Miss Stoepl, known in her childhood days as Bijou Heron, was sweet, gentle, lovable and natural as *Berangere*. She has, if we mistake not, a very successful histrionic career before her.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She wore a pink domino and a wreath of roses.

AMERICUS.—You write:

BUFFALO, Jan. 23rd, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK.—Sir:

It would be a great gratification to many of the readers of your truly interesting paper (with this exception) if you would discontinue publishing "Fitznoodle in America," as every one I have heard express an opinion says it is the silliest trash that ever emanated from the brain of a "fool crank." The balance of your paper, especially the caricatures, are fine. A constant reader,

AMERICUS.

Smooth down the ruffled feathers of the national bird, Americus. If the "balance" of our paper "are" good, we are afraid you will have to put up with the remarks of the Hon. Mr. Fitznoodle.

LOUIS NOLTE.—Your question may be of interest to others.

St. Louis Febr. 7th '82.

Gentlemen's:

Please let me know whether there is in New York a Turning School where they keep Boys how to learn turning & ecs. Board and Clothing free and when a person is learn't they have to go on the Stage for so long. If that so please let me know, the address of diffren Partyis. One of your Supscribers.

LOUIS NOLTE.

care at J. H. Hayward & Co

1424 North Main St.

St Louis Mo.

Mr. Nolte, we will give you all the information in our power. There is a turning school in New York where they not only teach you the most approved styles of lathe-work, and give you your board and lodging, but present you with a diamond ring once a month, two suits of clothes, and the grand, gilt-edged, broad-beveled, steam-heated bounce when you get through. It is not obligatory on you to go on the stage: if you travel three months with a circus, or have the small-pox, it will do as well. As to the address of "different parties," that is another matter. We don't know much about parties; but as for balls, there are the Liederkrantz, for which you are a little late, the Arion, and several others. The standard of admission to the "turning school" is rather high. You have to be able to bite your own head off, back of the cerebellum. Unless you can successfully perform this feat, Mr. Nolte, you had better stay in St. Louis.

A VALENTINE.

SOME INTENSE VERSICULI.

(After a Wild Fashion of Swinburne's.)

If you were like the lily,
And I were Oscar Wilde,
We'd spoon all night together,
Nor care a sunflower whether
The public dubbed us silly,
To put it rather mild—
If you were like the lily,
And I were Oscar Wilde.

If you were "quite too utter,"
And I, "divinely too,"
Our souls would intermingle
With intensity of jingle,
Our aesthetic hearts would flutter
Like two butterflies in glue—
If you were "quite too utter,"
And I, "divinely too."

If you were but a measure,
And I were but a tune,
We'd sing till some one licked us,
Knocked us on the head and kicked us,
With an infinite deal of pleasure,
Way into leafy June—
If you were but a measure,
And I were but a tune.

R. O. F.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXI.

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY.



Ya-as, I must say I am somewhat surprised to he-ah that this aw Government contemplates what Jack Carnegie calls a vigorous forweign policy, having been ar-woused to such a course of action by a fellow who was wecently Pwime Ministah at Washington.

The name of the individual weferwed to is Blaine.

Everwybody tells me he is verwy anxious to become a Pwesident, and he thinks that the best way to acquire a weputation, in ordah to pwocure votes, is to stwike out faw empi-ah. Carwyng out this ide-ah, he has been witing severwal lettahs to aw some small South Amerwican wepublikes and othah governments, to meet at a Congress at Washington to settle all the affai-ahs on the Amerwican Continent, and to make arwangements faw twade and wecipwocity.

Of course it was wathah a stupid thing to do, and Pwesident Arthah asked my opinion on the mattah.

"I would pwefere your asking the advice of your new Pwime Ministah aw, Mr. Fwelinghuysen."

"But your views, Mr. Fitznoodle, I am sure, will be so much maw compwehensive and corwect," wemarked the Pwesident.

"Ya-as, I dessay; but perwhaps my ide-ahs may be looked upon as those of a forweignah."

"Not at all, Mr. Fitznoodle; let me pway of you to pwocceed."

"Aw, well, Mr. Pwesident," I went on to say: "I don't see, upon my soul, why Amerwica should worwy herself about terwtorwies which do not belong to her; it is much bettah to leave that to us—Gweat Bwtain, ye know—we are accustomed to it."

"Ya-as," wejoined the Pwesident: "Gweat Bwtain, I wegwet to say, takes a gweat deal too much twouble to pwotect her twade, and appe-ahs to me to interfere all the time with othah people's countwies."

"We find it aw verwy convenient to do so, and, of course, everwybody concedes the wight," I answered.

"We Amerwicans do not, Mr. Fitznoodle."

"Oh," I wesponded: "that aw makes no differwence. Gweat Bwtain is obliged to pwotect her commerce, at least so my mercantile fwiencls tell me; and if you weally are desirwous of pwofiting by my advice, I would wecommend Amerwica to pwocure some pwopah forweign twade, and then look aftah it in a wespectab e mannah, as othah nations do, and not aw gw oan at Gweat Bwtain's doing what Amerwica has no weason for doing."

I then asked the Pwesident to come and dine with me. He naturwally accepted; and then we discussed varwious mattahs ovah our wine, aw.

MAKING HER DANCE.



ANYTHING TO AMUSE THE OLD GENTLEMAN



OFFICE OF PUCK 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

KING CHESTER ARTHUR'S KNIGHT(CA)

P. 13.

PRICE.



THE CAPS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

MAYER, HERSEL & OTTHARD, LITH. 23-24 WARREN ST. N.Y.

PUCK'S REVISED OLLENDORFF.



Where is the Young Girl? She is in the Parlor. Is She Waiting for the Large Aunt of the Good Physician? Not to any Great Extent; She is Waiting for the Young Man.



Has the Young Man the Good Wine of the Bad Merchant's Son? No; He has a Large Stock of Taffy, which He is Now Unloading.



Has the Young Man much Gold? Yes; He is a Clerk in Macy's.



Has the Old Man the Boots of the Undertaker's Grandmother? No; He has his Own Boots.



Has the Old Man the Umbrella of the Oyster-Opener and the Canary-Bird of the Nurse's Brother? No; but He has a Few Little Things of His Own.



Is the Young Man Going to the Ball this Evening? No; He is Going to the nearest Drug-Store to buy Ar-nica and Plasters and Liniment and Salve.

AN ECONOMICAL SUGGESTION.

A course at a large college or university is a very expensive affair. Many poor fathers and mothers have to pinch themselves to get their sons through Yale or Harvard.

It seems to us that in so doing they waste their energies and their money savings. For half what it costs them to keep their boys four years at these educational caravansaries they could achieve, in half the time, nearly the same results for the youths by the adoption of a much simpler plan.

At these colleges the students gain a little superficial theoretical knowledge, and are then sent out into the world with no practical ideas of life and a most exaggerated estimate of their own abilities. All that they are thorough in is rowdiness.

Why not give them a year of compulsory study under a good professional coach, and then hand them over to the guardianship of a retired prize-fighter or any competent corner-loafer? There would be less money spent, and they would have "all the advantages of a collegiate education."

If American parents doubt this statement, let them look at the way three of our principal colleges have lately put themselves on record.

The representatives of Yale won their last foot-ball matches by turning the game into a shameful rough-and-tumble fight. The papers are full of the outrage perpetrated recently at Cornell. The other day sixty young idiots of Harvard failed in a stupid and vulgar

attempt to guy Mr. Oscar Wilde, who, although he is an unconsciously amusing person in some things, knows more Latin and Greek than half the professors in Cambridge, Mass.

And how long will it be before the Columbia cads next disgrace themselves?

A LITERARY COMPARISON.

BY THE AFTER-DINNER ORATOR.

"'Tis by his wonderful insight, sir,
Into the nature of human quackery,
That Dickens gets the upper hand
Of his brother novelist, Thackery.

"But on the other hand, you see,
By his fine satiric trickery,
Thackens gets the upper hand
Of his brother novelist, Dickery.

"For Dackens is a humorist,
And Thickery's very satirical;
And to make a choice between the two
Would really almost take a miracle.

"But 'tis absurd to instoot, sir,
Comparisons 'twixt Thickens and 'twixt Dack-
eray;
I should consider such a thing
Naught but rank arrogance and quackery."

The speaker paused. A guest remarked:
"I agree with you, Mr. Harrison;"
And as the guests were all agreed
Upon the point, they "instooted" no compari-
son.

ELIOT RYDER.

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. XXX.—All Fool's Day.

One of the most unpleasant things about Mrs. Lot is that she does not enjoy a joke. It isn't that she at all resembles the proverbial Scotchman, upon whose skull it is necessary to perform a surgical operation before a joke can be forced into his brain. No, she understands a joke, but does not appreciate it. Practical jokes she particularly abhors; not so much, perhaps, when they are played on others, as when she is the victim. I can remember one of mine, which was played quite early in our matrimonial career upon her, and which was not received with that—well, with that unanimity, so to speak, which is the soul of a practical joke. On that occasion I obtained the skin of an immense sewer-rat, to which the ears and caudal appendage were still attached. I carefully wrapped it up in at least a dozen wrappers, and presented it to my wife.

"My dear," said I: "you are always complaining that your kids do not fit you, and so I have brought you home the material out of which kid gloves are made, and you can have a pair made to order."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed my wife: "That is what I have always wanted. You are ever so good."

She did gush a little in those days, but now—well, you know a spring gushes out of the ground at first, but it soon tires of that business. I glowed and swelled with admiration of my

own fore-ight in having divined her wishes. She took the package and commenced to unwrap it. She unwound one paper, and then she stopped and looked me in the face. With all the bland innocence of childhood I returned her look. My countenance on that occasion would have furnished a confidence-man with a complete stock in trade. Then she took off the second and third wrapper.

"Don't you think," she asked, looking at me suspiciously: "that this article is rather unnecessarily wrapped up?"

"Not at all," I responded: "Probably it is necessary to keep the air from it."

From Mrs. Lot's look I judged that she did not estimate that explanation at its full value; however, she said nothing in reply. On she went unwrapping the covers. I could see that her temper was rising, for, whereas, when she had commenced, she had taken the wrappers off carefully now she was actually tearing them to pieces. By the time she had reached the twelfth and last wrapper she was boiling. She tore that one off, looked at the article which it had inclosed, and then threw the skin from her with a shriek.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed: "It's a rat."

"No, my dear," explained I: "it's only a rat's skin."

She was too incensed to speak. I have always thanked my stars that I was not made of candy. If I had been, I am sure that on that occasion she would have eaten me up; she looked quite capable of such an act. As she did not speak, I explained:

"Why kid gloves are generally made of rat-skins."

"Are you a simpleton, or do you think I am?" she asked, with the light of battle flaming from her eyes.

"Neither, my dear," I answered.

"I could excuse such a thing in a child," continued she, with great warmth: "but for a full-grown man to indulge in such silly performances is too ridiculous."

"But, my dear—" expostulated I.

"I suppose you call that a practical joke?" continued she, sneeringly: "something to laugh at?"

"Why, I flatter myself," responded I, with a smile: "that it is amusing."

"Then laugh," said she, as she flounced out of the room.

I give you my word of honor that I did not laugh. I picked that infernal ratskin up and threw it out of the window. Then I sat down on a chair, and, in a disconsolate manner, looked at myself in a mirror which hung in front of me. Practical jokes, where the sufferer gets mad, are like "sissers" on the Fourth of July—they do not amount to much. However, new light was thrown upon Mrs. Lot's disposition.

When I was courting her, she used to think that I was the most humorous "cuss" in the world. Why, the smartest of the funny-men could not make her laugh as vigorously as I could. Now, however, she had changed in her taste, and she evidently did not enjoy my jokes as she formerly had. Well, a little more of the halo that had hung around matrimony had been swept away, and for a long time I refrained from playing practical jokes on Mrs. Lot.

However, after we had become better acquainted I became less afraid of her, and ventured to joke with her, though scarcely ever with a success that could be called remunerative. Still, when the first of April was approaching, I could

not resist the temptation which beset me of hoaxing Mrs. Lot once more. Whether the old Adam which is supposed to be hidden away in every human being grew rampant, or the dearth of amusement in the country tempted me, I don't know; but certain it is that a few days before the first day of April the desire to hoax Mrs. Lot seized hold of my mind, and, like a converted negro in the neighborhood of a chicken-coop, I succumbed to the temptation.

A few days before that one day in the year when all humanity is on a level, I indited an epistle to Mrs. Lot which ran somewhat as follows:

My dear Mrs. Lot:

Harry and I will come out and spend next Thursday with you, if we will not inconvenience you. You know I have lately moved to New York, and it is so long a time since I last saw you that I really am anxious to meet you as soon as possible. I shall assume, unless I hear from you, that our visit will not be untimely.

Yours affectionately,

AMANDA.

P. S.—Give my love to your husband.

I defy any one to prove that the foregoing is not written precisely as a young woman would have written such a letter. Notice the vraisemblance given to it by the P. S. I was strongly tempted to add another postscript, but painting the lily is always dangerous work, and so I refrained. Amanda is Mrs. Lot's favorite school-friend, and Harry is Amanda's husband.

"I hope," said Mrs. Lot, as she read that letter to me: "that you'll behave yourself properly. I know you do not like my dear Amanda, but I hope you'll treat her decently."

"I'll try," was my noble reply, as I watched my better-half put that letter carefully away in her pocket.

Gracious, what an uproar there was in an hour! Every woman seems to have a strong desire to make her school-friends believe that she has married well and is living magnificently. The house was cleaned, turned upside down, and put in order from cellar to garret. I believe the outside of the cover of the scuttle was scrubbed, on the theory, perhaps, that Amanda might desire to view the scenery from the roof or the top of the chimney. The baking, and

stewing, and cooking generally that went on in our establishment would have driven the keeper of a large-sized boarding-house frantic, if she had been ordinarily economical. I groaned as I thought of the expense; but I could see no way of stopping it, except to own up. It is thus that our little pleasures return to vex us, as the man who was nursing a gouty foot remarked.

The first of April came at the regular period. We were sitting at the breakfast-table, and were endeavoring to fill our system so full of food that we could successfully struggle with the annoyances of life.

"I hope," said my wife to me: "that when Amanda comes—"

"Excuse me, my dear," interrupted I: "but, if I were you, I would wipe that piece of egg off my face. As the boys say, 'wipe off your chin.'"

Mrs. Lot dabbed at her chin with her napkin.

"You will treat her—" continued she.

"Still I think," again interrupted I: "that that bit of egg on your chin does not add to your personal beauty."

"Oh, pshaw!" said she, as she again dabbed at her chin with her napkin.

"Let me urge you to wipe off your chin once more," suggested I.

Mrs. Lot sprang up from the table and went to a mirror.

"There is no egg on my chin," said she.

"No?" ejaculated I.

"And I don't believe," said she, as she approached the table: "that there was any."

I laughed heartily.

"My dear," said I: "don't you know that it is All Fool's Day?"

Mrs. Lot looked for a moment as stupefied as a minister does when he stands up in the pulpit and finds that he has left the manuscript of his sermon at home.

"Can it be possible," she exclaimed, finally: "that a man of your years can indulge in such childish sport?"

She looked at me as the Turk looks at the lily of his harem, just before he orders her to be sacked.

"But, my dear—" expostulated I.

"Pshaw!" said she, as she left the room.

I went out into the garden, where my boy was playing, and I lounged around there for half-an-hour. Then I strolled around the village. In about an hour I returned to my home, where I found Georgie, whom Mrs. Lot had invited to meet her dear Amanda.

"Don't you think," said Mrs. Lot: "that you have paraded around long enough with that piece of rag pinned to your coat-tail?"

I smiled serenely. I was too old a bird to be caught with chaff. I could not permit Mrs. Lot to get even in that way.

"Oh, no, my dear," said I, cheerfully: "I like it."

Georgie and Mrs. Lot laughed uproariously. I would not look around; but I seized the first decent excuse I could find as a reason for leaving the room. Sure enough, that boy of mine had pinned a "cat-tail" to my coat, and I had paraded through the village an object of laughter to everybody. I went out into the garden, and invited my offspring to the stable. There, as the poet says, he felt "the patter of the shingle on his pants." I like practical jokes; but—well, I want that boy to inherit more of his mother's qualities, and I intend to do my level best to make him inherit them.

REASONABLE.



HIRSUTE STRANGER.—"PLEASE CUT MY HAIR, AND GIVE ME A NICE CLEAN SHAVE. I WANT TO CATCH A TRAIN IN FIFTEEN MINUTES."

Amanda did not come, and Mrs. Lot was in a great state of excitement. I suggested every conceivable accident from a sprained ankle to a broken neck as an excuse. However, the lady did not appear, and Mrs. Lot reluctantly ordered up dinner. That day we lived on the fat of the land. We had a royal spread all to ourselves. To be sure it was expensive; but it was good. The sorrow which Mrs. Lot wasted on Amanda would, if she had only bottled it up, have been sufficient for the exhibition which she will be compelled to give on my demise. I congratulated myself on the success of my hoax; but I thought that I would keep the *dénouement* for a day or two.

Unfortunately, *dénouements* have a wretched habit of coming in at unexpected moments; they have spoiled several five-act plays which I have planned by insisting upon making their appearance in the play before the first act is half written. On the present occasion the *dénouement* played me the usual trick. Mrs. Lot called on Amanda on the second of April. That evening business detained me away from home till about nine o'clock. When I reached the house, I found Georgie and Mrs. Lot engaged in what was apparently an important discussion. I concluded at once that they were determining whether the gores in my wife's new dress should be put in on the bias or straight. Mrs. Lot looked at me severely; but, suspecting nothing of the storm that was in the air, I greeted the two ladies cheerfully.

"I have seen Amanda to-day," said Mrs. Lot, sharply.

"Eh?" exclaimed I, really surprised.

"She tells me that she did not write to me."

I glanced at Georgie. She had her handkerchief at her mouth, and was evidently endeavoring to suppress her laughter.

"Can it be possible?" suggested I.

"Who did write to me, then?" said Mrs. Lot.

"We'll put the detectives on it," I remarked.

"No, sir. There's no necessity of that," said she.

"Well, my dear," said I, conscious that she felt sure of her ground: "it was All Fool's Day, you know."

"Then you *did* write it?"

"Did not the elegance of the language betray my hand?"

"Well," said Mrs. Lot: "it's plain that all fools are not dead yet. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. The idea of a great grown man making such a donkey of himself, and putting me to such trouble and expense! And you thought that Amanda had broken her neck or sprained her ankle!"

I looked at Georgie appealingly.

"Oh dear," exclaimed my sister-in-law, as she sprang up: "I have forgotten something. I must go straight home. Take me home, Mr. Lot."

I hastened to leave the house with Georgie. Once outside, Georgie burst into a fit of laughing that I thought would never end.

"Georgie," said I, as I left her at her gate: "never play a practical joke on your husband."

"Charity begins at home," said she: "That's good advice for you to keep."

I stayed out in the streets, smoking, until I concluded that Mrs. Lot's wrath had blown over, and then I entered my house a sadder and a wiser man; but I protest most vigorously against Mrs. Lot's idea that because a fellow is a great grown man he doesn't want any fun.

A CONNECTICUT pastor was given, on his fiftieth birthday, a pie containing half-a-hundred gold dollars; and since this little episode it is quite a study to observe the very perceptible tremor that agitates the physical frame of the average Connecticut clergyman when asked if he will be helped to pie.—*Boston Transcript*.

"IT WAS THE PIE."

In the night—solemn night,
I awoke in fearful fright,
And my chest
Seemed oppressed,
As if lead, heavy lead,
A ton or more of dead
Weight was pressing, cruelly pressing,
On my chest!

And a demon with a pie—hot mince-pie,
Perched upon my bedpost high;
And blue devils
Held their revels
O'er my brain, aching brain,
Racked with pain,
And kept dancing, madly prancing,
On my brain.

Then I cry, wildly cry:
"Give me rest or let me die;
Let me sleep,
Sweetly sleep."
But the demon perched on high—
Yes! the demon with the pie—
Hoarsely shouted, "Never, never!"
Quoth the devils, "Hardly ever!"

Then the joke, heartless joke,
Startled me and I awoke,
Awoke in pain,
Half insane,
And I said, simply said:
"Do I dream, or am I dead?
Have I fallen out of bed?"
From the gloom there came reply:
"Silent be,

It was the pie!"

—*Toronto Grip*.

"THERE is nothing easily scared about me," said the landlady, as she speared the pork-chops and flipped them dexterously into the boarders' plates.

They had been talking on the subject of epidemics, panics, etc., and the courage manifested by the formidable female at the head of the table seemed to reassure them.

"Not that I don't believe in ghosts," she continued: "though I never saw one; but this clatter about trichinosis is the biggest superstition. Them chops that now sets before you, for instance, is said to be chock full of trichinae, and I thought you wouldn't mind trying them just to prove that I'm right."

The stratagem worked like a charm, and next morning, after breakfast, at which the chops had been served up and relished as breaded veal, the compunctious landlady quieted her conscience with the reflection:

"If any liars is ever forgiven, I'm sure it'll be them as keeps boardin'-houses."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE CREAM-CAKE.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for the sick, bereaved,
Is in all hills and hollows;
The notices to date received
Upon it are as follows:

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 lies before us, and some day, when we can get our face straight enough to see, we hope to be able to finish reading it. We got about a quarter of the way through it, but our frequent laughs up to that time burst off so many buttons, and so distorted our usually placid countenance, that a halt was necessary until damages could be repaired. The price of the ANNUAL is but twenty-five cents, and it contains a thousand dollars' worth of fun.—*Paducah (Kentucky) Enterprise*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL is by far the most entertaining and attractive little annual of the almanac character published in this country; and it is as handsome as it is good. The cover presents the irrepressible boy PUCK astride a comet with its fiery tail stretching far away, beautifully printed in colors. The 126 pages give an original variety of matter, wise and otherwise, with a profusion of illustrations, of which the family circle will not tire for a year.—*Home Journal*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 is the biggest twenty-five cents' worth of original humor in the market. It is illustrated by PUCK's staff—Keppler, Oppen, Gillam and others—and the literary matter is furnished by a number of well-known humorists. The chronological events running through the months are very racy. The first page of the cover is as pretty as a Christmas card.—*Norristown Herald*.

PUCK is the best illustrated comic journal now published either in the old or the new world. And by a natural course of reasoning it would be supposed that his ANNUAL would be interesting reading. The only objection to it is the objection to an entire meal of mince-pie and ice-cream. But then you needn't swallow it at one sitting.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

From Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann we have PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882, and if one likes rampant nonsense at this season of the year, instead of the sentimental story nonsense that the English periodicals treat one to in their Christmas numbers, we do not see why it should not have a large circulation.—*The Mail and Express*.

Out. Let those who have not yet read PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 purchase it at once and prepare to pucker. PUCK heads the list of annuals. It is profusely illustrated, and contains the usual aggregation of comical conceits and other matter provocative of laughter.—*New York Clipper*.

PUCK is always doing just the right thing at the right time, and its latest success is PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882. It is so tight full of good things that they had to take the plastering off to keep from splitting the backs clear off the book.—*Steubenville Herald*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for '82 is very brilliant in illustration and matter. The publishers have the happy faculty of striking the popular vein, and making an almanac that is as indispensable in the family as is a hearty laugh before breakfast.—*New Haven Register*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 is just such an appetizing collection of illustrated wit and humor as we might expect from the hands of Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann. It is a positive cure for the blues—no cure, no pay.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

There are few people but who have heard of PUCK. PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 has made its appearance. It is brimful of pleasantries, and any one will be well repaid by perusing it.—*Fulton Times*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 is bright and entertaining. There is something to make a man smile every time he consults the calendar. It contains 126 pages.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

BABY'S WARNING.

When baby has pains at dead of night,
Mother in a fright, father in a plight;
When worms do bite, baby must cry,
If fever sets in, baby may die.
If croupy pains kill Leonora,
In that house there's no CASTORIA,
For mothers learn without delay,
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WILDE LIFE IN NEW YORK.

While the Eastern press is still making game
—Wilde game—of Oscar, we desire to put in
evidence the following little story characteristic
of the great aesthete, and which, we believe,
has not yet appeared in print:

A day or two after his arrival in New York, a
footman presented himself at the door of Wilde's
room and extended to that languid divinity a
huge lily, on the creamy vellum sides of which
was written a "soulful" invitation to a strictly
aesthetic luncheon, to be given on Fifth Avenue
by one of his female adorers. Doubtless re-
joiced to escape from the gross and unutter fare
of the hotel, Wilde promptly accepted.

We must now ask the reader to accompany
us back to the early portion of the reign of
Henry the Fourth.

On second thoughts, however, and at the
earnest request of the printer's devil, who is
waiting for copy, we go right on with the story:

Oscar found the entertainment referred to
entirely satisfactory, and sufficiently too too.
After a protracted seance of the most consum-
mate description, luncheon was announced, and
the hostess, meekly apologizing for the intro-
duction of so prosaic an interruption, pressed
upon the poet one dish in particular, which she
said was as sublimated and spiritual a refection
as could possibly be prepared. Wilde was not
particularly rapt with the taste of the dish,
which was decidedly unique; but with the eyes
of his lovely disciple upon him, he could not
well decline to partake, so he managed to force
down several helps. A few moments after this
his face was served to turn the most emphatic
sage-green tint, and he made a break for the
door. The next quarter of an hour was passed
in a stained-glass attitude over a slop-basin in a
bedroom up-stairs, his leonine head being sup-
ported by relays of his panic-stricken devo-
tees.

"My dear madam," moaned Wilde, as an
extra throe drew his boot-heels clear up into
his knees: "what in—heaven was it that you
made me eat just now? Bet fi'pun I'm poison-
ed!"

"Poisoned! my dear Mr. Wilde? What an
idea! Why, that was something I had prepared
for you especially. *It was sunflowers, stewed in
cream!*"

And Mr. Wilde was carried home on a sage-
green sofa.—*San Francisco Post.*

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"Is THE editor in?" asked a long-haired youth,
As into the sanctum he strode:
"If he is, I must see him at once, forsooth,
For I wish to sell him an ode."

Straight up to the editor's desk he strode.
'Took a seat with a childlike smile,
And said to the editor: "I have an ode
On the beautiful—" But the bile

Of the editor rose, and he smote that bard
On his cheek a terrible blow,
And kicked him out into the office back yard,
To die on the beautiful snow.

—Eliot Ryder, in Boston Star.

SEE how hard he struggles to rise. The ground is very slippery and there is grease on his heels. What are the words that he is uttering? Does he think he is addressing a prayer meeting? Do not seek to find out now. His face is red from excitement, and his thoughts are not of the beautiful. If you are a good Samaritan, you will stand off about ten feet and ask him if he believes in Providence. When he gets up he will thank you for it, and perhaps join the church. A charitable deed shines like a kerosene lamp in a dark cellar.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"It is the first time you ever repulsed me, Edith, and it shall be the last," said young DeCoursey, as he arose haughtily and moved toward the door.

"Stay!" cried she, piteously, as if her heart would break: "we must not part in anger."

"Well," he rejoined, penitently: "what shall I do?"

"Oh, Gus, don't blame me," she explained, with a perceptible shiver: "my neck is very sensitive. I stood it as long as I could. Go and warm your nose."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE latest æsthetic slang the ladies use when reproving their admiring gentlemen friends is, "You flatter too awfully perfectly much."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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A PROMINENT Houston journalist, whose name we suppress on account of the respectability of our paper, was urged by his friends to get vaccinated. He consented to do so, if they would pay the doctor, to which they assented. Just as the doctor was about to scratch his arm, he drew back and asked:

"Will it interfere with my drinking?"

"How much do you usually drink each day?"

"If I can get them, I usually absorb ten or fifteen cocktails, the same number of sour toddies, and a few glasses of beer, say thirty or forty on an average, and on credit."

"You will have to stop that," responded the doctor.

"Then I'd rather take the small-pox," responded the journalist.—*Texas Siftings*.

M. DU CHAILLU, on visiting the country home of the King of Sweden, found His Majesty painting, without even a guard near.—*Ex*. This was certainly a bold piece of rashness on the part of the king. If he paints as wretchedly as some artists, we should think a guard of several hundred armed soldiers would be necessary to protect him from the fury of his art-loving subjects. His Majesty should lock himself in an iron-plated building when he paints.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE Boston Transcript says that courting is an expensive business. That's so. What between diamond earrings, tickets to the opera, carriage-hire, fifty-dollar boxes of candy, five-dollar valentines, bouquets, books of beauty, boxes of gloves, and many other little attentions, it is hard work for a poor fellow to steal enough to keep it up. However, it's nice while it lasts, and she may return some of the things when the final flare-up arrives. Selah!—*Commercial Advertiser*.

"MEAN!" said Mrs. Ragbag: "that boy of Gallagher's is the most abominable little wretch in existence. Yesterday, when the family in the next house were having a fight and jawing at the top of their voices, he got in the street and yelled so you couldn't hear anything else to save you!"—*Boston Post*.

A CABLE dispatch says "Gambetta can't sleep." There is no excuse for such an affliction. Let him either join another church or read the weekly edition of the London Times.—*Norristown Herald*.

"I CALL that very rare," said Jones to a workman who had done some work for him. "Ah!" answered the workman, highly tickled. "Yes," went on Jones: "rare, very rare, not half done." That cooked the workman, and he retired.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Teacher: "John, what are your boots made of?" Boy: "Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."—*Unidentified Exchange*.

"THE Muses kiss with lips of flame," says a recent poet of the new order. Then we are thankful that we are not courting any of the Muses just now. We don't wish to have our best winter moustache burned off until later in the season.—*New Haven Register*.

BEECHER again asserts that he does not believe in the popular hell—that is, a lake of fire and brimstone and endless sufferings. For our part, we fail to see how such a hell as that can be very popular.—*Boston Post*.

"STRIKE while the iron is hot," says the proverb; but when the old man is on a strike, and the wife is compelled to support the family by taking in washing, she has to iron while the strike is hot.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A PAWTUCKET hen raised a crop valued at seven hundred dollars, but the effort cost the chicken her life. She achieved the feat by picking a diamond out of a pin. The crop was soon harvested.—*Norristown Herald*.

CHICAGO belles complain that there is too much profanity on the streets. Maybe they think it doesn't hurt to toss your feet up in the air and smash a coal-hole by thumping it with your head.—*Boston Transcript*.

That great Dermatologist, Dr. C. W. Benson of Baltimore, has prepared his favorite prescription for general use, and now any person, however poor, can get the benefit of his best treatment for skin disease. It consists of both external and internal treatment.

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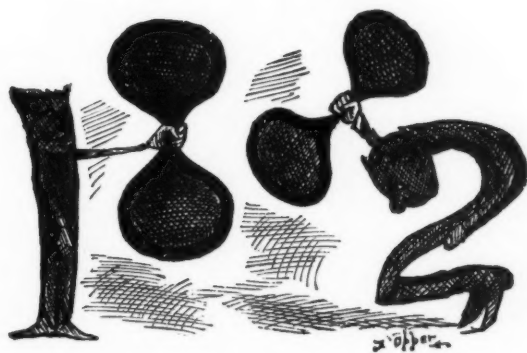
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